

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1886.

NO. 130.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays
—AT—
\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

It understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.



COL. R. M. KELLY.

In thinking of Col. Kelly, I call to mind the remark made by Artemus Ward, who in speaking of Washington said: "He was one of our great men who never stopped over." For fifteen years the writer has been near to the subject of this sketch—for a greater portion of the time working with him. Some one has said that "no man is a hero to his valet." This sweeping assertion has an exception in my relations to the Colonel. To all men, his superior and underlings, he is the same urbane, courteous gentleman. As much as I know of his daily life, I do not call to mind an instance in which, however provoking the circumstances, he displayed bad temper or used a profane word. His war record is the history of a cool, brave soldier; that of his civil life a model of which any man might be proud. He is positive in his convictions, and liberal enough to concede that the man who differs with him is none the less a man for that. In his opinions he is unobtrusive, except in combating argument, and even here his words are few and to the point. A few years ago the Colonel was surrounded by a party of friends, all of whom happened to be democrats. The conversation drifted to the Tilden-Hayes electoral commission, when a partisan of the former remarked: "Now all of you concede that Tilden was swindled out of the presidency and that—" "Excuse me," said Colonel Kelly, "for interrupting you, but I concede nothing of the kind. I believe that Mr. Hayes was the choice of the people by a greater majority than the returns indicated." This incident is cited as showing the pointed way in which the Colonel expresses himself.

In his editorial work he is as conscientious as he is in his social life. His newspaper utterances are convictions; nothing is written by him for the mere purpose of "helping to fill the columns," but rather because an expression is demanded. On questions of political economy, no man in the State is better informed, and his written expressions show that he has the ability to put his thoughts into "clear, cold type." Richelieu's remark that the "pen is mightier than the sword," is applicable to Col. Kelly; though a gallant soldier, he will be remembered as an educator and a journalist.

Robert Morrison Kelly was born at Paris, Ky., on the 22d day of September, 1836, and was the sixth of eleven children of Thomas and Cordelia Kelly. His father, Thomas Kelly, was the oldest of two sons of William Kelly, a leading merchant of Paris, and one of the early settlers of the place, and was himself a merchant and manufacturer for many years of his later life cashier of the Branch of the Northern Bank of Kentucky, at Paris. His mother was a daughter of Colonel Robert Morrow, a leading citizen of Montgomery county. He was educated in private schools at Paris and prepared for Yale College in a class under Rev. T. DeLacy Wardlaw, a learned Presbyterian divine, but abandoned the purpose of attending college and began at an early age to teach a private school in Paris. After two years spent in teaching in Paris and vicinity, he took charge of the Academy at Owensville, where he studied law under Hon. J. Smith Hurt, of that place. Having been admitted to the bar, he opened an office there, but returned to Paris in the summer of 1860, having been offered a partnership with Hon. Garrett Davis, his uncle by marriage.

The rapid approach of the war soon absorbed every interest and he devoted himself more to studying military tactics than legal science and was elected first lieutenant and then captain of a local militia company.

Upon the opening of Camp Dick Robinson, the first camp for Union volunteers pitched in the State, he with James M. Givens and Barnell S. Tucker began recruiting a company and proceeded early in August to the camp. He was elected captain, Givens first lieutenant and Tucker second lieutenant. This company was attached to the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, of which Speed S. Fry, of Danville, was colonel; James I. Croxton, of Paris, lieutenant colonel; and P. B. Hunt, of Lexington, major.

He was promoted to major in March, 1862, to lieutenant colonel in March, 1864, and to colonel in October, 1864 and was mustered out and discharged with his regiment September 1, 1865, after more than four years of service; all of it in active duty in the field and all with his regiment, except a few months spent as inspector of the division to which he was attached, just before the battle of Chickamauga.

After his discharge from the service he returned to Paris and opened a law office and soon after, on the recommendation of the military board, presided over by General George H. Thomas, was commissioned first lieutenant in the regular army, but declined to accept the appointment. In the summer of 1866 he ran on the Union ticket in his county as candidate for county attorney, and spoke through the county with his opponent. Before the election he was appointed collector of Internal Revenue for the seventh district, with the office at Lexington. He removed to Lexington September 1, 1866 and remained there until the establishment of the Louisville Commercial in December 1869, when he resigned to take the editorship of that paper. His successor, however, did not relieve him till April 6, 1870.

June 27, 1867, he married Harriet Halley Warfield, of Lexington, daughter of Elisha Nicholas Warfield, of that city. His wife's mother before marriage, Miss Elizabeth Hay Brand, was a daughter of William Brand, who married Miss Harriet Halley, daughter of the brilliant Dr. Horace Halley, President of Transylvania University. Col. Kelly has been with the Commercial ever since its establishment and is now its chief editor. In 1873 he was appointed United States pension agent by President Grant, which position he retained until a few months ago.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else.

[This letter was on the way two months and came after the one published last issue which was written a month later. Ed.]
P. O. S. S. "SUTLEJ," LAT. 6.
(Equator) March 13th, 1886.
[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

Our officers are courteous, pleasant gentlemen, as the P. & O. employees generally are. They dress in naval uniform, or something resembling it, and the discipline of the ship is quite perfect. "A place for every one and every one in his place"—the rule. I was sitting quietly reading on deck, when, suddenly, the great bell that hangs amidships, rang out a startling alarm peal. Almost instantly the deck was alive with sailors and ship's officers rushing to and fro in hot haste; buckets were hastily snatched from their receptacles; sailors stood in line ready to pass them, and everything seemed to indicate that a catastrophe had happened or impended. I was not a little startled and sprung to my feet, to rush, I knew not whether, until I saw a broad grin on the faces of the men nearest me. Then I knew that they were only "drilling." But I thought the joke a poor one, if intended to startle, without due notice being given; for the nervous shock might be serious to a delicate woman. In fact, I wouldn't fancy being "shaken up" in that style, again, my self and my nerves are not overly sensitive.

MARCH 22d, LAT. 33° S.—We are nearing "King George's Sound," and the town of Albany, upon it, where we will have our first opportunity of posting letters. As a glance at the map will show, this little place is at the extreme S. W. point of the mighty continent to which we are going and which looms up in colossal interest and importance every mile, nearer, we travel thither. I have been reading Anthony Trollope's fascinating handbooks—4 in number—which are decidedly the best reading on the subject, and of the nature of "standard authority," yet, touching permanent facts; though, in such rapidly growing countries as these stalwart young giants of the Orient are, many "facts" are soon outgrown and the books written 15 years ago—as Trollope's were—are stale and out of date, on many subjects. Still—barring ever changing statistics and advances "by leaps and bounds" of cities, railways and towns—these charming volumes will never lose their interest upon the very points a new comer is most anxious, first of all to know. But I must not "run off" to Australia till I get ashore. The Sutlej is as much as I can manage, till we drop anchor in King George's Sound, where we hope to be to-morrow evening about 5 o'clock. We have about 350 miles to run, and our average daily journeys are about 285. To-day we made 301 by 12 noon—which was rather exceptional considering the heavy head wind against us. Soon after leaving Colombo we ran into the "S. E. Trades" as the sailors call this wind that blows with more or less steadiness from that quarter of the compass, all the year round. Usually it heads a ship going to Australia, until she runs down to Lat. 23° South, when it is exchanged for a westerly breeze. We have been specially noticed by this useful and desirable "S. E. Trade," that spins a ship "homeward bound," along, at a merry rate; for it is blowing right "in our teeth," as I write, and has been doing so, steadily, ever since we made its acquaintance. The sea has been more or less rough, all the way, and one or two days we had rain equally;

but the voyage has been, as a whole, a most delightful one; and after we got across the equator and began to run rapidly down into the cooler latitudes, the oppressive heat of the close cabins, that made sleep a sweeter horror, rather than a full refreshment, is quite gone, and we are glad to pull up our blankets before morning, now, to take off the chill of the early dawn. Our spiky brother of the "Tribes of Joseph" has succumbed to the climate, and despite his quarrel with the Frenchman and his rooted aversion to the "Parson" consented, last night, to "turn in" to his abandoned bunk, and become, so far, neighborly, once more.

Our kind Captain Johnston—I want those who love the LORD to remember him, as the first of his cloth who has really helped us in the matter of holding meetings, at sea—has given us every facility his duty permits in pursuing our blessed evangel. Of course, I understand a commander's difficulties in the premises. He is bound to consult the wishes of his passengers and there will always be found on board, those who will throw cold water upon it if they do not violently oppose any meeting for sacred purposes. In this strait a ship's captain, who is himself lukewarm or opposed, will not stir a finger to help. He wants "a quiet life" and will not run the risk of anything approaching "a row." To all requests he opposes the steady answer—"Some of the passengers don't want it." But our Captain of the Sutlej is not of that sort. If a lot of his passengers want a dance, as they did the other night, he obliges them; clears the quarter deck; fencibles off the sharp wind with canvas walls and makes it all comfortable for them—although there are some who would rather not have dancing at all. Then when it comes to a religious meeting, he doesn't allow a few opposers to dictate. "No! gentlemen! you like dancing; you shall have it. Others like preaching. They shall have it. I am here to see all have their rights." I think that is the kind of man he is. At any rate both Sundays we have been on board he has cleared the quarter deck for us in the evening, and yesterday morning by his request I made a gospel address, in the main saloon, after "prayers" had been read. Besides these Sunday services, we have had several in the "fore cabin" for the stewards and those who are kept at work till a late hour. These have been at 9 o'clock P. M. Abundant opportunities present themselves for personal conversation with passengers, and I think there are a number who will never forget this voyage in the Sutlej, but date the beginning of spiritual life or the "turning point" in that already begun, from this Australian trip. Praise the dear LORD for every open door, and praise Him for grace and courage to enter in. I should think there were about 100 passengers on board of both classes—70, first, and 30, second. Then the crew—black and white; officers and men number over 160 more. Of Luacars (native seamen) alone there are over a hundred. Truly a "little world" in itself is a well appointed ocean steamer. One, on deck, even, is bewildered with the stir and the numberless details of things; but once descended to the lower regions and the amazement deepens at every step. The arrangement for propelling the monstrous craft beggars description; the culinary department, whereby these 250 hungry people are fed through the day with the regularity of clock work; the great refrigerating chambers—crowded with beef, mutton and poultry from Leadenhall market; fresh vegetables from the gardens of Kent and Surrey; and the wonderful mechanical arrangements (not chemical) for keeping the temperature of the whole below freezing point, astonish and impress the novice wonderfully. The engine, that by a curious adjustment, first compresses the air (so generating heat as all know) and then by sudden expansion creates cold (as all know, again) is a marvel of ingenuity. It can reduce temperature to 40° below zero, if so desired. I didn't know there was such a machine in existence. Then we have the electric light—again, mechanical—produced—not chemically—and the whole ship can be a blaze of illumination with the turning of a crank.

Will was sick for three or four days in the roughest weather, but is perfectly well now, with an equally heavy sea on (used to it—that is all); and I was very thoughtful one day—taking my dinner on deck, in a contemplative, not to say melancholy mood. But I did take it and kept it safely. Beyond this passing, brief experience, I have scarcely suffered at all from what is justly called *mal de mer*. "Evil and only evil" it is indeed, though the dear LORD, by the wondrous alchemy of grace, can bring "good" out of the "evil," as he ever does; even "overcoming the evil with good." But mark you, he always calls it "evil," never by any possibility confounding the two, as so many of his children do—thus overturning the very foundations of right and wrong. Out of this *mal de mer* then—still unchangedly *mal*, in itself—the good LORD has brought us all, the most remarkable appetites and full powers of digestion, unknown on land. The ladies, one and all, escaped "Scott free," without a qualm of the dreadful malady.

The voyage from Colombo to King George's Sound—the first point in Australia—is only 12 days. In four more we reach Adelaide—capital of S. Australia, 24 more to Melbourne—capital of Victoria, 24 more to Sydney—capital of New South Wales. In less than thirty days, then, it will be seen, a steamer covers the distance

between Calcutta and the last mentioned city—on the Eastern coast of the mighty continent. Our tickets will carry us to Sydney. Unfortunately we omitted to get them "stop off," at the head office at Calcutta, and there is some doubt if we can arrange it with the sub-offices as we go along. If we can, we shall leave the Sutlej at Adelaide—remaining there two weeks till the next P. & O. steamer comes along. Then on to Melbourne—stopping off there for 2 weeks longer. Then on to Sydney and so on. All D. V. I may err, but I have "a sort of a feeling" as if our sweet gospel would take in the "Colonies." If it does we shall linger indefinitely. If not you may see us at home very soon. I know nothing about it. Only HIM, as so often said, and written before. And, once more, let me add—HE, is all I want to know. I leave this open till we get to harbor, for a few closing lines.

ALBANY (1,500 POP) KING GEORGE'S SOUND, W. AUSTRALIA, March 23d.]

We doubled Cape Leeuwin—most unspellable of words, if you attempt it phonetically—this morning at 5 o'clock, and ran the 150 miles, between that and Albany in about 12 hours. Usually Leeuwin is a "cape of storms," but we passed it smiling blandly, as though a storm cloud had never gathered on its brow. Our quiet voyage is the theme of surprised remark on the part of all the old travelers, this way—and especially the phenomenon of a quiet sea off Leeuwin. I love to think it is "the same Jem" that said "Peace be still!" to Gallilee's waves, who had a head in this unusual occurrence, and that even feeble faith had a share in it; to be traced, one day. At any rate we trusted for just the voyage we got. Praise the LORD!

The Sutlej ran along in full view of the Australian coast, after doubling Leeuwin (pronounced Lawin) and we have been enjoying the scene all day. The shore line is a very pleasing one—gently undulating for the most part, with occasional bald headlands, and rugged jutting rocks, pushing out to sea, that give most agreeable variety to the scene. Here and there patches of dazzling white sand, look like snow-drifts, lodged in the gullies, hollowed out by wind and water. The coast is not a grand one, but it is far from tame. Just pleasant and restful to eyes that have seen nothing, for 12 days, but blue water.

We lose one passenger at Albany—"Mac" every one calls him, and one of the most popular souls on board. An honest, cheery Scotch "body," with a kind word for every one. He lives at Banbury, up the western coast, which he reaches by steamer from Albany. We all wish old "Mac" "God speed." We like him much, though not one in ten of us will ever know his name, even. "Mac" will do to remember him by.

We are all well and happy—Praise the LORD. There was a scripture came to me "like a flash," this morning as I caught my first glimpse of Australia, from my cabin port. I fondly hope it was from the LORD, as I am firmly impressed it was: "Up! for I have delivered it into thy hands." It came to me with a throb—almost a shock—of joy. Well! I am sure of three things: 1. My mission. If I were not I should go mad. 2. My gospel. If I were not I should turn Atheist, I am sure. 3. My God of Love and Nothing Else. If I were not no mission could fill me; no gospel could satisfy. But he both fills and satisfies. It is a Divine Personality alone that can do that. Jesus—ever present—ever loving—ever mighty to save, is just what my soul—and thine, dear reader—needs, and may have, if you have him not. For myself, I can joyfully say—"My Beloved is mine and I am His." Ever in Jesus,
GEO. O. BARNES.

CREMATION OF DR. DIO LEWIS.—It was about 2.30 P. M. when the party reached the building, and in a few minutes the body, wrapped in an alum sheet and resting in the iron crib, was wheeled out of the preparatory room into the chapel. The furnace heat was intense. The company has been making some changes in the heating apparatus, and it is possible for it to obtain a higher degree than ever before. When the iron door was opened the inside of the retort glowed for an instant with a dazzling white heat, which was changed instantly by the rush of cool air to a crimson tint, and into this bath of rosy light the body was placed. The door was quickly closed, but through the spy-hole the body could be seen gradually becoming incandescent, until at the end of an hour the whole surface was covered with a pale blue flame. In about two hours the entire mass had become consumed, and only a few pounds of gray ashes remained in the bottom of the oven. These were taken out later on and will be buried instead of being preserved in an urn.—[New York Tribune.]

A San Francisco paper reports that fifteen cars per day for four months will be required to move the orange crop out of Southern California.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers. We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marshall's Cathartic, a Female Remedy, cures Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by Druggists. Price \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marshall, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Fanny & McAlister, Druggists.

H. K. TAYLOR.

OF LOGAN COUNTY, is a Candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic State Convention.

BANK STOCK.—I will sell at auction in Stanford, Ky., on court day, 5 shares of stock in the Farmers National Bank of that place. THOMAS G. PARSONS, Stanford.

FOR SALE.—Good Shingle Mill with 48-inch jointer, a 30-horse power engine and a 36-inch Corn Mill. Belting Complete. MART. SMITH, Stanford, Ky.

Go to J. T. Harris

Cottage Bread and Fresh Cakes, Strawberries, Ice Cream, Butter kept on ice, fresh and nice; Ice to retail; Ice-cold Oatmeal, Ginger Ale and Lemonade. Don't forget that it is headquarters for good Butter.

NEWCOMB HOTEL

MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.

M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop., Mt. Vernon, Ky.

ICE! ICE! ICE!

I will deliver ice to regular customers in Stanford and vicinity every morning at

One Cent Per Pound.

Accounts due at the close of each month, or when custom requires.

122-14

R. E. BARROW.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Messrs. R. R. & L. J. Cook are Agents for the John Church & Co. Pianos and Organs, which embrace the following most excellent instruments: Knabe & Co., Hazeltine Bros., Decker & Son and Everett Pianos. Also, Clough & Warren and the John Church & Co. Organs. These instruments are most excellent in tone, of great durability and we defy competition. All of them are warranted for five years. References—A. E. Fanny, Mrs. E. M. Carver, J. M. Phillips, J. M. Moore and James Hensley, Stanford; Mrs. Maggie Holmes, Crab Orchard; Gen. W. J. Landrum and Miss Lizzie Huffman, Lancaster, Ky.

Misses Kate Richards and Ella Ramsey, assistant agents.

BOURNE!

The editor is heart-broken to announce to his readers that Nona D. Plume, who wrote Dr. Bourne's funny advertisements, is dead. The large monies paid him for writing this column brought on swelling of the brain and he died of too much excitement.

Dr. Bourne is determined, however, to give his customers the benefit of this large salary in prices. Besides selling

Medicines, Fancy Articles, Toilet Goods, Music Merchandise, Spectacles, Instruments, Jewels, Dolls, Lamps, Fishing Tackle, Razors, Sponges, Knives, Paper, Blank Books, Stamps, Ammunition, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Mixed Paints, Brushes, Varnishes—

Everything kept in a first-class Drug Store, all of which is new, fresh and superior, he has on hand a dozen *Backsetters*, and will furnish any good looking lady who deals with him with choice of the lot. Watch this column for list of names, or call at

Bourne's New Drug and Book Store.

—A NEW—

Buggy & Implement House.

—I will in a few days open a—

Full Line of Agricultural Implements,

With the reliable Walter A. Wood Harvesting Machines at the head. Also a

Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand. In connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a

Complete Stock of Lumber,

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as

Low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,

112-14

I. M. BRUCE.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RY

Kentucky's Route East

—FOR—

Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

The only line running

PULLMAN NEW SLEEPING CARS

—AND—

A SOLID TRAIN

—FROM—

Louisville, Cincinnati & Lexington, Ky. to Washington City.

Connecting in the same depot with

Fast Trains for New York.

—The Direct Route to—

Lynchburg, Danville, Norfolk and all Virginia and North Carolina Points.

For tickets and further information, apply to your nearest ticket office or address W. W. Monroe, General Agent, Lexington, Ky.

W. C. WICKHAM, G. W. FULLER, 2d Vice President, Gen'l Pass'g Ag't, Richmond, Virginia.

AYER'S

Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, Dengue (or "Break-bone" Fever), Liver Complaint, and all diseases arising from Malarial poisons.

"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884.

"For eighteen months I suffered with Chills and Fever, having Chills every other day. After trying various remedies recommended to cure, I used a bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure, and have never since had a chill."

EDWIN HARPER.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

L. & N.

Louisville & Nashville R. R.

—THE GREAT—

THROUGH TRUNK LINE

—TO THE—

SOUTH & WEST

—WITH—

Pullman Palace Sleepers.

Louisville

to Nashville,

Memphis,

Atlanta,

Montgomery,

Little Rock,

Mobile and New Orleans.

Only one change to points in

Arkansas and Texas.

EMIGRANTS

Seeking homes on the line of this road will receive special rates.

See Agents of this Company for rates, routes, &c., or write

C. P. ARMORE, G. P. & T. A., Louisville, Ky.

O. & M.

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI R. W.

The direct through line and old established route

from

Louisville & Cincinnati to St. Louis

and all points in the West.

Two (2) Daily Trains from Louisville to St. Louis.

Three (3) Daily Trains from Cincinnati to St. Louis.

Only 10 hours from Louisville and Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The Only Line by which you can

get a Through Sleeping Car

From Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The O. & M. is the only line running

and Cincinnati to St. Louis, all other routes being

made up of a combination of small routes.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway runs Palatial

Sleeping Cars on night trains; Luxurious Parlor

Cars on day trains; Elegant Day Coach-

es on all trains.

Direct and close connections are made in UNION

DEPOTS with diverging lines by the O. & M.

Railway, thus avoiding troublesome trans-

fers by other routes.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway is the only line

between Louisville, Cincinnati & St. Louis

under one management, running all its

trains through solid and in consequence

is recognized First-Class Route be-

tween those Cities.

Apply to ticket agents of connecting lines for

full particulars as to rates, time, maps, circulars

or any desired information, or write to

ROBT. H. FORMAN,

Trav. Pass. Ag't O. & M. Ry., Somerset, Ky.

W. M. PEABODY, W. B. SHATTUCK,

Pres. and Gen'l Mgrs., Gen. Pass. Ag'ts,

Cincinnati, O.



The Bucket Pump & Water Purifier

Is an improvement on any Pump or Elevator yet

invented. The cups descending from air and

ascending full of water, circulates the air from bot-

tom to top of cistern or well, removing wiggles,

water bugs, and rendering the water pure, removing

all color, bad taste or smell. This Pump has

an improved chain; no links to get twisted; each

cup is soldered permanently, and its coil of link,

a flat piece of galvanized iron is red. Do not

purchase a pump until you see this

Very respectfully,

W. H. HIGGINS.

FOR COUGHS AND CROOKS USE

TAYLOR'S

CHEROKEE REMEDY

"SWEET GUM"

MULLEIN.